

## The Stranger at the Door

### *Knock, Knock, Knock*

"Who is it?" I shout from the other room, my heart immediately pounding out of my chest. Of course there would be no response, frustrated and terrified I throw down my kitchen towel and head towards the door. I peep through the eye hole and right as I do the person knocks again. His hand pounds heavy against my door and with every knock I feel my stomach tighten. "Mrs. Sanchez?" he asks inquisitively. "*How does he know my name,*" I thought as I cracked open the door. "Dolores Sanchez, I believe this letter is for you." My eyes gazing upon this monster of a man, he's as large as my door frame. I look from his boots up to his strong calloused hands. I take the letter and look down at it, I'm in shock, this is my handwriting, but I never wrote this letter. Much like my heart, the letter feels heavy. The air has become dense, my vision blurry, confusion and fear creeping all along my body. The thick air suffocates me, my chest on the verge of collapse. I look up and open my mouth to speak, but he's gone- it's as if he was never there. The only trace that he ever existed is the letter that I now hold in my hand. My hand drops down to my side as tears well in my eyes. It's finally sunk in, after 15 years of hiding- someone has found me. I can't even close my door before I've dropped to the ground. I hold the letter. My body trembles. Tears stream. I gasp for air that seems to have disappeared. I screamed, "What now God?" agony lacing my voice. Do I open the letter and face what's to come? Or do I run, like I've done before? But how much longer can I run? They've found me now. Surely they could find me again; maybe this letter is my call to finally act. Staring down at the letter, my past flashes before my eyes.

Sorry, I know this can be a lot to take in. Hello, my name is Dolores Sanchez, and I have been living alone, in hiding for the last 15 years. Alone doesn't properly describe how I have been living. I do not own a cell phone, I do not own a car, I grow all my own food, and I have been completely unreachable; until now. Apparently I have been found, and apparently it was by myself. The government wants me, they've been looking for me. I haven't always been fearful, I used to be lively, open, fun; until I saw the danger the government could put us in. The secret control they have over us all, even me. We were building something that would change the world; not for the better. I did not know what the final project was, only what my part was. We never questioned it- until it was far too late. Now it has become increasingly obvious; we had been lied to, betrayed, and used for our talents. Now I knew what they were actually building, and they were on the verge of completing it. I should've told someone, we could have stopped them, but rather I ran far away. I threw my phone in the river, withdrew all my money and went on the run. Remember this; self-preservation above all else, above *everyone* else. I thought my life was perfect until that day when fear struck my body, true fear for the first time in my life. With this "necessary" cage, trap, control of the country was almost complete. They wanted to watch everyone, secretly brainwash us into perfect "citizens" but who knew what else was to come. We would all be trapped, blind to the truth; I couldn't let that happen. All I knew was I had to get away. I am not going to be a rodent stuck in their trap fighting for my life. I couldn't get caught, not now, not after everything. I don't know what happened to the country, but I think about it often. This letter- is it a chance for me to act, is it a warning for myself? Or is this the final trap, am I the missing piece in total domination? Regardless, I cannot hide anymore. This ghost has haunted me for far too long and it is time for me to take action. They have already been in control of my mind, it is time for me to take back the freedom that belongs to me.